

Die & Live's Appeal.

A small, my son dear wife have,

It will be the same as us,

This is not, it is, a lie

As, David, Samson, David,

Rouse not ye sons, will ye descend

On a yesterdays glorious name?

You will then that so spilt a woe caught,

And lie their glorious name?

Will ye stand idly, bitterly,

And see the flag traitor's bane?

Shall traitor's separate this land?

Mark Washington says he,

I shall rebels raise their traitorous flag

On yesterdays holy bank &

Will not our freemen use its arms

And punish Morgan's bane?

Will freemen for the sake of gold,

On yesterdays tide be borne?

Remain at home in wealth and ease

And see the banner born?

Will ye sit on from day to day

To keep up wealth and ease,

And see the traitor's flag still float

Unharnessed upon the breeze?

House! House! ye braves, to Arms! to Arms!
House and defend your flag,
March on to victory or death,
Haul down the 'blue back' rag!

Oh! Speed her, speed thy glorious cause,
This land shall yet be free,
The slave shall yet rejoice and shout
For Union, Liberty.

Will.